for ſweet *Iacke Falſtalffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtalffe*, true *Iacke Falſtalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtalffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sheriſe, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maiſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my we
That I will by to morrow dinner
Send him to anſwere thee or any
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd
And ſo let me intreate you leaue

Sher. I will my Lord, there ar
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. m

Prince. It may be ſo: if he ha
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo fa

Sher. Good night, my noble

Prin. I thinke it is good mor

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thi

Prince. This oyly raſcall is k
him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe
like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetc

He ſearcheth his pockets,

Prince. What haſt thou foun

Peto. Nothing but papers, m

Prince. Lets ſee what he they
Item a Capon
Item ſawce
Item, Sacke, two gallons.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after
Item bread.

O monſtrous, but one halfe p
rable deale of Sacke: what ther
it at more aduantage: there let h
in the morning. We muſt all t
honourable. Ile procure this fa
know his death will be a match
be payed backe againe with adu
the morning, and ſo good mor

Peto. Good morrow, good n

Enter Hotſpur, Worce
Owen Gle

Mor. Theſe promiſes are fai

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